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EDITOR.
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Winberg Josephine

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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VOL. XXIV.—No. 20. SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 15, 1889. TERMS: { \$2.00 per year
in advance.

TEMPLE BAR, LONDON.

THERE is nothing about what is now known as Temple Bar to indicate what it really is or what purpose it ever subserved. The present site is occupied by a somewhat costly but altogether unattractive monument, whose significance, if it has any, is beyond ordinary finding out, yet whose historical reminiscences lead one back to the most interesting period of the world's history.

By way of explanation it may be stated that the city of London, as the world understands the term, consists of a small irregularly built and busy district known as "the city," and a number of less ancient

districts, at one time suburban villages, but now to all intents as much a part of the metropolis as the original "city," though still retaining for purposes of distinction their particular names. One of these is Westminster, within whose limits stand the famous Abbey, the Houses of Parliament and many of the most elegant and costly public and private structures of London. Of course no one without knowing beforehand of the distinguishing boundary line would ever be able to

tell where the city of London ended and the village of Westminster commenced. And what is true of the line of demarkation between these two, is true of that between the city and all the other contiguous suburbs.

The ones which we have named are, however, rather more fortunate than the others in that a conspicuous object marks their dividing boundary. It is none other than the successor to the subject of our sketch. For

hundreds of years a monument of some kind has marked the spot, and on state occasions, such, for instance, as when the monarch paid a visit to his faithful burghers of London, a deputation of officials awaited the honored guest at this



TEMPLE BAR.

point with the keys of the city. As readers of earlier volumes of the INSTRUCTOR will remember, a less pleasing ceremony sometimes graced the historic spot. The heads of traitors were frequently here displayed, as at the entrance to London Bridge, set on spears and serving as a ghastly warning to all malefactors who sought admission to the city's gates. The Bar as the artist presents it is happily divested of these unpleasant reminders of a bygone barbarism, and it shows us, with far

greater propriety, the statues of some of the rulers of the realm.

The structure, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, a famous architect whose skill is commemorated in many of London's most interesting buildings,—consisted of one large archway for carriage traffic, and two smaller ones for passengers on foot. The niches on either side of the monument were filled by two figures, those on the London side representing James I. and Elizabeth, those on the Westminster side representing the unfortunate Charles I. and his merry son Charles II. Over the center archway was an inconvenient though secure room, and this was utilized by a firm of leading bankers of that day for the storage of their old account books. The structure remained in a state of tolerable preservation until within the last half century, when, the excavations for the spacious new Law Courts rendering its foundations insecure, its removal was ordered as a measure of public safety. In the center of what was formerly the middle arch now stands a combined bronze and stone monument, on either side of which an impassive policeman has his restricted beat and passing whom go hundreds of vehicles and thousands of people every hour in the twenty-four.

Thus much of the predecessor of the present Temple Bar. Of its historical reminders, we open a vast field when we say that the church and the courts and grounds immediately adjacent to the site were away back in the twelfth century the home of the Knights Templars, that chivalrous order whose deeds of arms rang throughout the civilized and the barbarian world. The Crusades, the siege and recovery of Jerusalem, the mighty power which the knightly warriors afterwards obtained, the abuses which under this power were perpetrated, form at once the most romantic and the most licentious age in the world's history. The limits of this article preclude any extended reference to these most interesting occurrences or to the various modifying steps which led up to the organization

of the secret order known as Knights Templar of today. Our picture makes it necessary, however, to say that the changes which have overtaken Temple Bar have been no more sweeping than those in the old Temple buildings hard by. At the downfall of the Templars in 1313, the Knights Hospitallers of St. John took possession of the structures and grounds, who in turn shortly afterwards rented them to the courts and lawyers at a fee of £10 per annum. In the hands of the men of law the possessions of the once invincible men of the sword have ever since remained. Numerous of the bright minds of English literature first saw the light within the famous precincts, and many more who were distinguished in every pursuit of life received here their mental training. The site is at present partly occupied by one of the most conspicuous architectural piles of London, the law courts. The whole neighborhood is solemn and stately—a condition appropriate to the value, interest and past and present purposes of the venerable spot.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

'Tis not the gently graceful gait,
Well made clothes, well put on,
The softly-measured tone,
Still talking of the rich and great,
That makes the gentleman.

But 'tis the heart in danger true,
The honor free from stain,
The soul which scorns the vain,
Holding the world but at its due,
That makes the gentleman.

He who is doubtful of himself,
His station or his heart,
Will tend his outward part,
Will talk of rank and worship pelf,
He is no gentleman,

But he who heaven's true patent bears
Within his noble breast,
Whose deeds his claim attest,
Free from such idle cares or fears,
He is the gentleman.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

“**Y**OU seem to trust that boy implicitly,” said Col. Stanley to his brother, as they sat one morning in the latter’s counting-room.

“Trust Charles Lawrence? Of course I do. We generally trust those who are trustworthy. He’s been with me four years, ever since he was a little chap, and a more steady, honest, intelligent boy you’ll not find in this city; besides, he identifies himself with my interests.”

Col. Stanley laughed a little sneering laugh so characteristic of the skeptical man of the world.

“The same trustful, easily-duped fellow of old, George! Here, after spending half a lifetime in South America, I come back to find you the head of a family, indeed, almost as gray-haired as myself, but the very self-same George Stanley who fought a battle for a boy who denied stealing a gold pencil, when the top of the very pencil was sticking out of his vest pocket in full view.”

Mr. Stanley laughed.

“My trust in his truthfulness died hard, I suppose. What a memory you have, Lyle! I’d forgotten all about that school-boy episode. But this isn’t a parallel case at all. Here is a boy I trust because for years he has proved himself worthy of trust. He’s been tested, tried, and what else do you require?”

“In the first place, he’s too young.”

Col. Stanley was one of the most obstinate and irascible of old bachelors. He had never been known to retire from any position he had once taken, however weak it might be.

“Yes sir, he’s entirely too young,—a mere gosling, not more than eighteen! Young feet are too slippery, too easily led astray for a mission of importance. You’d better send an older clerk to Brazil if you want your business properly attended to. Besides, I don’t like the fellow’s face a bit. He seems always on the alert to see everything and hear everything; just like one of those sharp ‘gamins’ you meet in the streets of Paris, who’d rob his grandfather of the last sou.”

“Well, if he sees everything and hears everything, as you say,” (Mr. Stanley was getting restive under this abuse of his favorite) “he certainly tells nothing. Those very qualities you have mentioned are those most needed in the Brazil business,—a quick perception, and a prudent tongue. I had hard work in the last panic to keep my footing, I can tell you, and then Charles was of more help to me than I choose to tell.”

“Oh, if you’re off on your hobby, ‘*bon voyage!*’ No use to argue with you; but mind my words,” (and Col. Stanley brought his hand heavily down on the table,) “that boy will only be honest until the first great temptation comes in his way. He’ll go down before that like a card house. Mind, I don’t say he’ll sin for anything but a great prize.”

“I’ll bet you,” continued the Colonel, “this ring of mine,” touching a magnificent diamond ring he wore, “against five thousand dollars, that before he leaves your employ you’ll regret you didn’t profit by my warning.”

“I’ve no wish to bet on such a subject,” said Mr. Stanley, gravely. “You’ve taken as unreasonable a dislike to the boy as that abominable monkey of yours, Doctor, who tries to bite him every time he sees him. But come, Lyle, because you’ve been living so long among a set of lying, thieving Guacho Indians, you needn’t lose all trust in human nature.”

“Never had any, if you’ll remember,” answered the skeptical man, stretching himself and yawning: “only met dupes and knaves all my life. But let’s be going. We’ll see who’s right in the end.”

While this conversation was going on, the subject of it burst into his mother’s humble room, his bright face all aglow with delight.

“O mother,” he cried, “I’ve just stepped in on my way down to tell you Mr. Stanley has raised my wages! He says if I come with credit out of this confidential mission to Brazil, he’ll put me in the way to make my fortune. Isn’t he the best of men?”

“God bless him!” said Mrs. Lawrence,

ferently. "He's a good man and a good friend, but, my boy, you deserve all the good luck in the world."

"O mother, how many better than I drag out their lives in want because they haven't a kind hand to help them! No, I'm just lucky, that's it. But, mother, we'll take the little cottage you looked at, with the flower garden in front. And you'll plant vines by the veranda, and I'll bring you a cage full of beautiful birds from Brazil. O, I see you've got my valise all packed, you good little mother. I'll only be at home for an hour to-night, as I'll be so busy."

And Charles ran out, leaving his mother happier than she had been during her long, poverty-stricken widowhood.

That night Mr. Stanley was busy until a late hour with Charles, giving him the final instructions.

"Well, I believe that's all," he said, looking at the clock in the library, where they were sitting. "It's twelve now, and I suppose you have a few parting words to say to your mother. But stay a minute; I had forgotten my brother has a small package he wishes to send to a friend in Brazil. Go up to his room for it. He'll be in bed, but he always reads there until long past midnight. He never locks his door; so you can go right in."

To Charles Lawrence's rap the voice of the Colonel answered, "Come in."

"Oh, it's you is it? Well, the package is on the dressing-table. The address won't be hard to find in Brazil. Can't you find it?"

Charles was fumbling over a multitude of things, books, pipes, bottles, which littered the table.

"Ah, you've got it at last. Quiet, Doctor!"

The monkey, who slept on a rug by his master's bedside, made a spring towards Charles, and the Colonel was obliged, very reluctantly, to jump out of bed and seize him by the collar.

"Get out of the room, boy, as quick as you can, and shut the door. Mind," he called after him, as Charles hurriedly obeyed, "you're

bound to lose something on this trip, but don't let it be *my* package, young sir. What's the matter with *you* sir?" to the monkey. "Trying to get out of the door, eh? Well, I'll lock it, and then, you brute, maybe you'll understand you can't get out."

He locked the door and went to bed.

The next morning while dressing Col. Stanley seemed suddenly to remember something, and went to his toilet-table. He opened a box on it, peered into an open vase, raised every article, one by one, peeped into the drawers and under them, and then, in an excited voice, cried out, in his rough way, "Jupiter!"

Rushing to the bell cord he pulled it so violently that two or three servants banged at the locked door.

"Yes, I even locked the door," he muttered, as he opened it. "Clearer proof, if I need'd it, which I don't."

"Is my brother up?" he thundered to the startled servants.

"Yes? Well, then, don't stand staring at me in that dumbfounded way, but tell him I want him instantly."

"Well, sir," as Mr. Stanley ran up, "who is right, you or I? Your young rascal, Charles Lawrence, has stolen my diamond ring. You needn't look so shocked. It was loose in its setting, and I took it off last night, and put it in this very box on the toilet-table. He came in for the package, and fumbled about an everlasting time, pretending to look for it. This morning the ring is gone."

"Impossible!" answered Mr. Stanley. "It's certain to be about. But why accuse *him* when you always leave your door unlocked, just to tempt theft, as I've often told you."

"Not last night," triumphantly; "that just clinches the evidence against him. Doctor was obstreperous, so I had to lock him in. You needn't search so anxiously; I turned everything upside down before I sent for you. When was your excellent, honest boy to get off? Perhaps, though, he won't wait for the steamer. I'll catch him though,

if he's above ground, if your police are worth a straw."

"He left me only a quarter of an hour ago," said Mr. Stanley, looking as if a blow had stunned him. "But, Lyle, don't be too hasty. Be certain of what you assert. Perhaps you put your ring elsewhere. Try to remember, for the accusation will ruin the boy. I don't, I can't believe he is guilty."

"Did you ever know me to forget anything in my life?" cried the Colonel, angrily. "It's likely, isn't it, I would have thrown that costly ring down anywhere? You can look and look; I'm going to a police station, to have that young scoundrel caught before he leaves the city." And putting on his hat he departed.

It was not difficult to find the boy, for he was going quietly down to the wharf when arrested. He hardly seemed to comprehend the charge against him, and during the preliminary examination before a magistrate he kept appealing to Mr. Stanley, who was present.

"Oh, Mr. Stanley, you know, sir, that couldn't be so! You know I'm honest. You know I never took the ring. I don't understand it, indeed I don't."

"Come away, George," said Col. Stanley, taking his brother by the arm after the examination was over and Charles had been bailed by his employer to await his trial.

"I'm sorry for you I am. You did all you could for him by proving his good conduct while in your employment. I didn't know you'd care so much for a clerk. He's a 'bad lot,' as I told you and when he is sent to prison you'll be well rid of him. Aint you satisfied that he's guilty?"

"Never was further from being satisfied in my life," was the brief answer. When they reached the house Mr. Stanley retired immediately to his room.

"He'll think it out by himself and give up to the facts," thought the Colonel, complacently, as he ascended the staircase.

"George is soft, very soft. I guess he's been swindled ever since we parted. Well,

I've come home at last to keep an eye on him, and it's a blessed thing for his interest I have."

"Why, Doctor, Doctor!" as he opened the door of his room and the monkey leaped forward. "I declare if I haven't left the brute in my room in my excitement this morning! What have you smashed, you rascal? Marian will be in a nice taking."

He looked around, and found, to his surprise, that apparently, nothing had been touched. Doctor, instead of frisking about him as usual after the first greeting, retired under the bed, whence no invitation could draw him.

"What's the scamp after?" muttered the Colonel. Then, as a cracking sound met his ear, "He's got nuts somehow, and he's cracking them under my bed and greasing the carpet. I'll stop that fun, my fine fellow."

He stooped, looked under the bed, and uttered a cry of astonishment.

The next moment Doctor was seized by the nape of the neck and dragged out, holding something glittering between his teeth.

A few vigorous shakes and he dropped on the carpet Col. Stanley's diamond ring, broken but unmistakably the ring.

The Colonel's "Jupiter!" was not uttered with any energy. He did not ring the bell as before, but marched down to his brother's room looking as sheepish as a man of his age and inches could well look. He commenced his explanation, but hadn't got further than "You see, sir, that rascally ape of mine had picked the ring up off the table, and—" when Mr. Stanley had his hat on and was at the door.

"So the ring's found, and Charles didn't take it? That's all I want to know, for I'm off to tell him and release the bail-bond. Explanation afterwards."

Of course it all came right, and Charles Lawrence took the next steamer for Brazil.

Col. Stanley could not make up his mind to apologize to him, as he should have done, for his unjust suspicion, but, in an indirect manner, he befriended the young clerk in after life.

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE charges, little assertions, little, careless things, stinging words in a moment of bitterness and anger,—what a world of misery has resulted from them! The cases are very curious where the smallest matters have made impressions upon sensitive and selfish people, such as could not have been imagined or foreseen.

A rich banker, who was known to be of a sordid disposition, and careless as to ordinary civilities, wrote to his nephew, whom he intended to make his heir. The answer came on a half sheet, with jagged edges, soiled, and folded slovenly. The banker took a mortal offence at this indignity, as he chose to call it, and made a new will, by which his property was given to another person.

A man recently died, about whom the following is told: There were two brothers, who apparently loved each other very much. They had grown to manhood together. At the respective ages of fifty and sixty, both of them retired from business with a competency. The younger man soon lost his money by speculations; but his brother gave him pecuniary assistance, and at once made his will in the other's favor.

One night, at some festive gathering, George, the younger, thoughtlessly pulled the chair in which his brother was about to seat himself from under him, so that William, a man of exceptional dignity of demeanor, fell floundering upon the floor. The consequence was a lameness for life, and from that unhappy moment, William never spoke to his brother till the day of his death, and left all his fortune to a stranger.

On the other hand, the smallest offices of kindness, given, no doubt, from pure benevolence, or love of assistance, have been the means of leading to happy results. They seem like the fairy story of the beautiful girl, who met an aged woman of many infirmities, and on being asked a question, repulsed her. Then the malison of the old woman, a powerful spirit in fairy land, changed the young

girl to a fright. But when a poor, homely, tired child offered the miserable dame her arm, because she was old and sorrowful, down came the fairy gifts, and before her stood a dazzling queen, who endowed the child with wealth and glorious beauty. The spirit of this myth is still acted out by humanity. A soft word at the right time proves the guerdon of power and grace. A foolish action, or a reckless one, seals a man's fate with the direst misfortune. *V.*

THE GOLDEN HOUSE OF NERO.

IN THAT part of the ruins of Imperial Rome lying between the Palatine and the Esquiline hills—a space which was more than a mile in breadth—Nero erected his celebrated “Golden House,” as he called the new palace in which he fixed his abode. The vastness of extent and the varied magnificence of this imperial residence and its ornamental grounds, almost surpass belief; and if the details that have come down to us respecting it were not too well authenticated to admit of doubt, they might be regarded as fabulous. Within its enclosure were comprised spacious fields, groves, orchards and vineyards; artificial lakes, hills, and dense woods after the manner of a solitude or wilderness. The palace itself consisted of magnificent buildings, raised on the shores of the lake. The various wings were united by galleries each a mile in length. The House or immediate dwelling of the emperor was decorated in a style of excessive gorgeousness. It was roofed entirely with *golden tiles*, and with the same precious metal also the marble sheathing of the walls was profusely decked, being at the same time embellished with ornaments of mother-of-pearl—in those times valued even more highly than gold—and with a profusion of precious stones. The ceilings and woodwork were inlaid with ivory and gold, and the roof of the grand banquetting-hall was constructed to resemble the firmament. It was contrived to have a rotatory motion, so as to imitate the

motion of the heavenly bodies. The vaulted ceilings of ivory opened and let fall on the guests a profusion of flowers, and golden pipes sprayed over them the most delicate perfumes.

The vastness of the plan prevented the Golden House of Nero being finished during his lifetime. Vespasian drained the principal lake of this fairy region, on which he built the Colosseum, and pulled down all that Nero had erected beyond the Palatine, reducing the Imperial palace to the hill that once contained Rome. Domitian built up what his predecessor had pulled down, and added to the palace the Adones, or halls and gardens of Adonis, the splendid wonder of that age of magnificence. Septimius Severus made several additions to the south of the Palatine, especially the Septizonium, the site of which has been much disputed; while in later days Pope Sixtus V. carried off to St. Peter's the three orders of columns of which it was composed. Among the modern discoveries of the palace, were a room full of Roman coins, and a hall hung with cloth of gold, and on another part of the Palatine a spacious hall covered with paintings. The fall of the palace of the Cæsars was a true picture of plunder. In the fifth century the Goths pillaged it of all its gold, silver, ivory, etc.; its bronze fell to Genseric, and the Vandal is supposed to have freighted a ship with statues from the Imperial palace. In the long feudal wars of the Roman nobles, it was attacked and fortified, taken and retaken; but the Farnese popes and princes gave the finishing stroke to its desolation, to enable them to erect their palaces and villas with its materials. *W.*

THERE is no moment like the present; not only so, but moreover, there is no moment at all, that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him, can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry and skurry of the world, or sink in the slough of indolence.

TRANSPLANTED.

The gard'ner came into his garden,
It was very fair to see,
And his Lord walked slowly beside him,
Looking at shrub and tree;

Through borders of odorous roses,
Through lily-beds, purple and white,
By thickets enkindled with crimson,
And arbors that prisoned the light;

Till they came to a tender flower,
A frail but a beautiful thing,
That drooped its snow-white petals,
Like a bird with a broken wing.

"I think," said the gardener, clasping
The plant with a gentle hand,
"This flower is much too tender
For the winds of this lower land.

"I marvel if even with shelter
'Twill thrive in this coarser earth,
Where cold dews fall upon it,—
'Tis a flower of priceless worth."

Now his Lord had another garden,
Its gates were of pearl and gold;
And its slopes were nearer heaven
Than this land with breezes cold.

There, never the sun gave languor,
There, never the east wind blew,
And the provident care of the master's hand
Was tender as sun or dew.

His Lord looked down on the flower,
And His heart went out to its need:
" 'Tis just the plant for my garden,
A plant of celestial seed."

The gardener loosened the fibres,
Raised the plant for the Lord to see;
Then the gracious Master said with a smile,
"Give the little flower to me."

And into the gates that were golden,
And over the fadeless plain,
And close by the wonderful river of life,
He planted the flower again.

And there in a deathless splendor,
It blooms and brightens today;
And there in an endless, marvelous light,
It will bloom and brighten alway.

There shall never be want of tending,
Or lack of love or of care.
For the Lord of the garden so near to heaven
Is Lord of the sea and air.

Mrs. Denison.

For Our Little Folks.

CASTLE BUILDING.

"WHAT are you building, darling?"

I asked of my girlie fair,
As she quietly sat on the hearth rug,
Piling her blocks with care;
And the ruddy glow of the firelight
Danced on her golden hair.

"I am building a castle, mother,"

My little maid replied;
"And these are the walls around it,
And here is a gateway wide,
And this is a funny stairway
To climb up by the side."

The busy, flitting fingers
Went on with their pretty play,
And the castle's walls were rising
In the fading winter day—
When a sudden, luckless motion,
And all in ruin lay!

Ah, merry little builder,
The years with stealthy feet,
May bring full many a vision
Of castles rare and sweet,
To end like your baby pastime,
In ruin sad and fleet.

You laugh o'er the toy walls fallen;
So sunshine follows rain,
And we may smile, looking backward,
At ruined shrine and fane—
While the heart hath shattered temples
It may not build again.

FREELY GIVING.

IN AN exchange we find several pleasant stories about free giving. One is of a little boy whose uncle gave him a gold coin.

"Now, you must keep that," said the gentleman.

"I will halve it first," said the child.
"Maybe I'll keep my half."

"Why, it is all yours," said his uncle.

"No," replied the little fellow, "it is not all mine; I always go halves with God."

"But God owns the whole world; the gold and silver are all His."

The boy was silent and puzzled for a moment, then he said:

"Anyway, God goes halves with us; He lets us share with Him. Don't you think we ought to give Him back a part?" *A.*

DON'T BE LAZY.

A LITTLE boy was once walking along a dusty road. The sun was very warm and oppressive, but, as was his usual way, he stepped along quickly, thinking that the faster he walked the sooner he would reach the end of his journey. He soon heard a carriage coming, and when it was caught up with him the driver reined in his horse and kindly asked the lad to ride, which invitation he gladly accepted. When he was seated in the wagon the gentleman, a good Quaker, said: "I noticed thee walking along briskly, and so asked thee to ride; but if I had seen thee walking lazily, I would not have done so by any means." Boys, think of this; and wherever you are, whatever you may be doing, never be lazy, and you will always be repaid for your trouble in some way. *B.*

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH
HISTORY PUBLISHED IN NO.
18, VOL XXIV.

1. WHEN did Father Young move to Kirtland, Ohio? A. In the fall of 1833.

2. To what office, and by whom, was he ordained the next year after his arrival in Kirtland? A. A Patriarch, by the Prophet Joseph Smith, being the first man in this dispensation ordained to that office.

3. When did he leave Kirtland for Missouri? A. In the year 1838.

4. What sort of treatment did he encounter during almost the entire journey? A. Bitter and cruel persecution at the hands of the enemies of the Church.

5. When and where did he die? A. On the 12th of October, 1839, at Quincy, Illinois.

6. What was his age at the time of his death? A. He was in his seventy-seventh year.

7. What does Joseph Smith, in alluding to his history, say of his death? A. "He died a martyr to the religion of Jesus, for his death was caused by his sufferings in that cruel persecution."

8. After volunteering in his boyhood to serve in the army to redeem the land from oppression, is it not strange that neither he nor his children were allowed to enjoy that liberty for which he fought? A. It is.

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Ques-

tions on Church History published in No. 18: Emma E. Tolman, Henry H. Blood, Annie Sylvia Sessions, Jenetta Blood and Heber C. Blood.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHEN was Brigham Young baptized, and by whom? 2. When was he ordained an Elder? 3. What move did he make next? 4. How did they spend their time on the journey? 5. What special gift did Brigham Young enjoy? 6. How were they received by the Prophet? 7. What occurred at the house before separating? 8. What did the brethren do when they arose from their knees? 9. What did he inform them? 10. What words did the Prophet utter when Brother Brigham had withdrawn from the room?

THE USE OF A GENTLE ANSWER.

OFTEN a civil answer may save you from rudeness and insult. Even rough men are softened by a few sweet, gentle words of a child, just as I have read that a little boy was softened by the notes of a bird.

The little boy was playing in the garden, when a little bird perched on the bough of an apple tree close at hand.

The boy looked at it for a moment, and then, obeying the promptings of his baser part, he picked up a stone that lay at his feet and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully to take a good aim. The

little arm was reached backward without frightening the bird, and it was within an ace of destruction, when lo! its tiny throat swelled and it shook out a flood of sweet notes.

Slowly the boy's arm dropped to his side, and the stone fell to the ground again, and when the little warbler had finished his merry piping it flew away unharmed.

A gentleman who had been watching the lad then came to him and asked him:

"Why didn't you stone the bird, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home."

The little fellow looked up with a face of half shame and half sorrow as he answered,

"I couldn't 'cos he sung so."

The civil words may sometimes save you from damage, just as its sweet song saved the bird. *IV.*

SCHOOLBOY HEROISM.

TWO boys were in a school-room alone together, when some fire works, contrary to the master's prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Bennie Christie, would neither admit nor deny it and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again:

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the delinquent.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have told a falsehood," said Bennie.

"Then why did not you say that I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I would share the falsehood."

The boy's heart melted; Bennie's moral gallantry subdued him.

When the school resumed, the young rogue marched up to the master's desk and said,

"Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar—I let off the squibs," and burst into tears.

The master's eyes glistened on the self-accuser, and the unmerited punishment he had inflicted on his school-mate smote his conscience.

Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if they two were paired in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud,

"Bennie! Bennie! lad, he and I beg your pardon—we are both to blame!"

The school was hushed and still, as older scholars are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still they might have heard Bennie's big boy tears drop proudly on his book as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as filled all the rest; and then, for want of something else to say, he gently cried:

"Master forever!"

The glorious shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles which made him wipe them before he resumed the chair. *A.*

"DON'T GIVE UP; BUT TRY."

A GENTLEMAN traveling in the northern part of Ireland, heard the voices of children and stopped to listen.

Finding the sound came from a small building used as a schoolhouse, he drew near; as the door was open he went in and listened to the words the boys were spelling.

One little fellow stood apart, looking very sad.

"Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, he is good for nothing!" replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in school."

The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them, placing his hand on the noble brow of the little fellow who stood apart, he said,

"One of these days you may be a fine scholar; don't give up; but try, my boy, try."

The boy's soul was aroused. His sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became anxious to excel. And he did become a fine scholar, and the author of a well-known commentary on the Bible—a great and good man, beloved and honored. It was Dr. Adam Clarke.

The secret of his success is worth knowing—

"Don't give up; but try, my boy, try."
W. A.

MY LITTLE HERO.

EARTH's truest and bravest heroes
Fight with an unseen foe,
And win a victory grander
Than you and I can know.
We little dream of the conflict
Fought in each human soul,
The earth knows not of her heroes
Upon God's honor-roll.

One of the earth's little heroes
Right proud am I to know;
His name for me is mother,
My name for him is Joe.
At thought of a ten-year-old hero
Perhaps have many smiled,
But a battlefield's a battlefield
In the heart of a man or child.

There were plans of mischief brewing,
I saw, but gave no sign.
For I wanted to test the mettle
Of this little knight of mine.
"Of course you must come and help us;
For we all depend on Joe,"
The boys said: and I waited
For his answer—yes or no.

He stood and thought for a moment,
I read his heart like a book,
For the battle that he was fighting
Was told in his earnest look.
Then to his waiting playmates
Outspoke my royal knight;
"No boys; I cannot go with you,
For I know it wouldn't be right."

How proud was I of my hero,
As I knelt by his little bed
And gave him the bed-time kisses,
And the good-night words were said!
True to his Lord and manhood
May he stand in the world's fierce fight,
And shun each unworthy action.
Because it "wouldn't be right."

C. U.


The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 15, 1889.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Union Required by the Gospel.

F WE are not united we are not Christ's. This is the test by which the Lord's people are known. The disciples of Jesus in former times were of one heart and one mind. They dwelt together in love. This is a great feature in the Church of Christ in our day. The Saints love one another and are united. If there is a branch of the Church, or a ward, or a stake, that is divided, it is an evidence that something is wrong. Either one or both parties have grieved the Spirit of the Lord. Where the Spirit of the Lord reigns there is union. Two men cannot have the Spirit of the Lord and one be opposed to the other. If they listen to it, they will be united in doctrine, they will be united in views, they will be united in action. It would be a monstrous thought for a person to imagine that two persons could both be under the influence of the Spirit of God, and yet be opposed to each other, and contending with each other.

It is through this spirit that the inhabitants of the earth will be made one, for it will lead them in the same path, it will teach them the same truths, it will banish from them ignorance and all causes of strife and contention. Whenever it shall reign in every heart, then we shall have heaven on earth, and the Lord's will will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

It is for this purpose that the gospel has been revealed. It is a perfect plan of salvation, by obeying which men receive the spirit of truth, which is the Spirit of God. They increase in knowledge and understanding, and darkness and error flee away.

The pouring out of this spirit upon the

people is producing astonishing results in the earth. By its power men and women in many lands have been led to obey the truth and to gather with the Saints of God. A wonderful spectacle is witnessed throughout these mountain valleys. People are gathering from various nations, speaking various languages, having been brought up and educated in different religions, and yet, when they obey the gospel and receive the Spirit of God, they come here and dwell together in the most perfect harmony. Such a result may truly be called miraculous, for it is to be noticed nowhere else on the face of the earth. To produce such effects it would appear almost necessary to suspend what men call natural laws.

There has, however, in this case, been no suspension of natural laws. That which we witness, though very remarkable, is only the fulfillment of the promises of God to those who obey His gospel. It is the pouring out of the Spirit of God that has produced that which we witness in these valleys.

It should be an evidence to the world that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is truly His Church, for it exhibits the fruits that were the fruits of the gospel as Jesus taught it. What power has man ever shown to do such a work as we witness among the Latter-day Saints? There has been nothing like it done by man, and it would be impossible for man to do such a work, but it is easy for God to do it by pouring out His Holy Spirit upon those who obey His gospel. Then they are easily led. They perceive the path in which they ought to walk, and there is no difficulty in their living together with their fellow-believers in love and in union.

Men ask the Elders for signs to prove to them they are the servants of God; but what a mighty sign we see before our eyes in the gathering of the people called Latter-day Saints from the four quarters of the earth into one place, which is called Zion! It should prove to every thoughtful person that there is some supernatural power operating to produce that which we see in the settlements of the Latter-day Saints; but the world shut their

eyes to this great exhibition of God's power, and still clamor for signs. The servants of God are denounced as impostors, and the people are said to be deceived. But it is not so. Deception could not accomplish such results. Man, with all his ingenuity, skill and learning, would signally fail who would attempt in his own strength that which the Lord has done for His people in bringing them from the four quarters of the earth.

The evidences in favor of the divinity of the work of God are much greater than the evidences which are brought against such a view. If men would open their hearts to the spirit of truth they would find that it is much easier to perceive and accept the evidences in favor of the truth of this work than it does to believe that it is the work of impostors.

THE readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, as well as all the Latter-day Saints, should seek to be united. They should put away their disposition to contend for and urge their own views upon their brethren and sisters. All controversy ought to be avoided, for it grieves the Spirit of God when the Saints contend one with another, or are captious and disposed to indulge in disputations.

Little children can cultivate the spirit of love. When the spirit of love prevails, union will be witnessed, and where union and love exist, there the Spirit of the Lord has influence and power. The habit of arguing and contending and urging our views, whether right or wrong, upon others is one that people can easily acquire. Care should be taken, therefore, in early life to avoid such a practice. Each child should seek to the Lord for His Holy Spirit. Every thought, word and act should be in accordance with it, and no one should do anything to grieve it.

Those from whom the Spirit of the Lord has withdrawn are in a dreadful condition. If they should continue in such a state it would be better for them had they never been born. If we could be heard by every JUVENILE in our Church we would say: Repent of every sin; put away everything that is evil far from

you; and live each day and hour and minute so that the Spirit of the Lord may dwell within you, that you may be under its heavenly influence.

MY VISIT TO EASTERN LANDS.

CLOSE by the side of a little glass vessel, shaped not unlike a half egg shell, containing sacred oil which feeds the holy light of a pious Greek family, I write this sketch.

"Let your light be burning," is observed in a tangible way by them. The oil, before being used, is prepared at some monastery and is believed to be very holy; for which cause, of course, it is also very precious and costly. In the vessel mentioned is first poured water and then a little of the precious oil, which, owing to its lighter specific gravity, floats a thin layer on the surface of the water. Next is the wick and burner, attached to a small piece of cork, which keeps them on the surface. Lastly, it is lighted with holy fire from some sanctified place and burns for ever. The family tell me that their precious flame came from a monastery not far away called "Jesus," but that Greeks who can afford it get theirs direct from Jerusalem. If any holy light accidentally goes out it is no good omen for the unfortunate household; so while examining the lamp for this description I breathe lightly for fear I might be the means of some great catastrophe.

The lamp, however, is but a small part of the family altar—or more properly, idol. Many pictures and images are collected about it representing Christ crucified, the ancient apostles, the Virgin Mary and some few others whom I do not know. Before this collection the family separately attend to morning and evening devotion; they whisper something, cross their breasts by bringing the thumb and first two fingers from the right shoulder to the left twice, and from naval to chin once, resting them on the center of the

cross thus described, and finish off by heartily kissing the images.

These are acts required of the Greek orthodox church, a church which holds its members to a level little above pure idolatry; its practices throughout are debasing to the human mind. Priests abound by the hundreds to enforce the abominable precepts wherever a society large enough to support them can be found. On an island of the sea of Marmora, where I write this, are no less than three monasteries, besides the regu-



A GREEK PRIEST.

lar priests, whereas the size of the island is not more than eighteen miles in circumference, with a population of probably three thousand.

Greek priests are the most brazen-faced mendicants of all the beggars of the East, and fully as filthy. At every public gathering of whatever nature, they and their helpers ply the art in a most disgusting mode. None escape being besprinkled with holy water and having a large, silver-plated tray thrust into one's face. Even Mohammedans must stand the ordeal if they venture in a crowd on a Greek festival. "God bless you," or some

such phrase, is heard on every side, while the drunken man commonly receives an extra amount of attention. Around the saloons and drinking shops the priests apparently reap rich rewards and these places are blessed daily.

The whole world barter religion in a more or less indirect way, but these Greek priests sell it so openly and cheaply that it seems the most confirmed fanatic should be ashamed. Not so with the Greeks; two forces hold them in the groove—ignorance and custom, or force of habit. The Bible is but little known, and church formulas are learned in early childhood. Oft have I seen little children raised and taught to kiss the images at church, while most every child can make the sign of the cross before it begins to lisp. These practices and, to us, abominable sights of the church, become as second natures to their being. Drunken men may often be seen making the sign of the cross before taking their glass or eating anything, whereas, I am positive, no devout feeling prompts them, but they are simply actuated by force of habit.

Dear children of the INSTRUCTOR, happy are we that God has given us birth within the pales of a religion pure in its precepts and elevating in its practices!

There are a great many Greeks in the Ottoman Empire, and it will be remembered that Mohammed the Conqueror took the last remains of their government when Constantinople fell in 1453. The domain, which fell an easy prey to the Turks, was known as the Eastern Roman Empire. The people were then fond of calling themselves Romans, whereas they were, as they are now, nothing but degenerated Greeks, with an effeminate nature that a Roman would despise. A Greek is still called a Roman, or *Rom*, by the people of the East.

As no pure Romans of the ancient race now exist, so, likewise, no representatives of the once refined Greeks are left. It is, however, held that a mountain tribe in Roumalia, known as Albanians, is to the Greek race

what the Highland Scotch are to the ancient Celts. The Albanians hold, and it is not disputed by history, that when the wild hordes came down from the north their favored mountain strongholds proved impregnable. They are at this day quite a distinct people in customs and features, but their speech has little or no resemblance with the literary ancient Greek. The latter is hardly a proof against their assertion, as any people not using a written language will soon entirely change their speech.

In justice to modern Greeks and, in fact, to some English writers who hold the same, it must be mentioned that they maintain that they are pure descendants of the ancient nation of such historical renown. Excepting one or two petty mountain tribes, we think it can be shown beyond a doubt that the Huns and afterwards other wild races of the north completely overran the Hellenes and mingled freely with the inhabitants.

The Greek language spoken these days has but slight resemblance to old Greek. The same alphabet is employed and pronounced much the same, yet but few words are common to the two in meaning.

The Greeks of these days are sprightly built, with complexion quite fair, eyes and hair commonly black. Their imagination, like other Orientals, is most vivid; and the Turk, when giving the character of the tribes or races he rules, says he has learned the Greeks—they always lie.

James Clove.

DIFFICULTY is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves; and He loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.

SAILING BY A JACKKNIFE.

“YOU are fond of compasses,” said the professor to Captain Wall, as he looked into the cabin of the sailboat and saw several in different positions.

“Yes,” replied Captain Wall, looking to the eastward and then at his topsail. “I’ve always had a liking for compasses. Did you ever hear of anyone sailing by a jackknife?”

The professor said he never had, and asked if it was a conundrum.

The captain smiled grimly. “It was a conundrum to the boys as got caught out in this bay in a fog, I tell ye. In the first place you must get an idea of this harbor. There to the east is the open sea, with nothing to stop you until you get to Portugal, three thousand miles of salt sea. To the north, south and west the land surrounds us, making a great bay. By sailing in any direction except east you are pretty sure to bring up against the shore, unless you get an unreasonable distance to the eastward, further than most pleasure sailors get. Well, there were two boys once who went out sailin’ in this bay. They thought they knew all about boats, like most boys who have had one season at it. They had not got old enough to expect the unexpected. One day they were out when a thick fog came in unexpectedly. It was a powerful thick one. It came on that yaller day you may remember, when folks lighted their lamps at three o’clock in the afternoon. Wall, the wind died out, and the boys, after floating for some time, made up their minds to row in. They had no compass with them and had to guess where the land lay. After rowing for half an hour in the thick fog they rested on their oars. Bill said to Bob, his younger brother, ‘How do we know, Bob, we ain’t pullin’ direct for Portugal?’

“Bob had always had a great admiration for the man and his wife who had crossed the ocean in a dory, but at that moment they seemed precious near fools.

“‘It seems to me,’ said he, ‘that the land

lies over there,' pointing in the opposite direction to that in which they were going.

" 'It appears to me that it lies in just the opposite direction,' said Bill. After considerable argumenting the boys concluded to pull toward a distant roar they seemed to hear, thinking it was a beach, but they soon made up their minds that it must have been the snorting of a seal or the splashing of a school of porpoises. There seemed to be nothing to do but to wait until the fog lifted. The prospect was not pleasant, for they knew that fogs sometimes hung about the harbor for a week. All the stories they had heard of fishermen having drifted out to sea in boats without food or water came to them. To be run down by a steamer would be a refreshing end compared to the other.

" As the full situation came upon Bob, and he thought of his mother's anxious face at the garden gate looking seaward, he lost heart and began to cry.

" 'That'll never do, Bob,' said Bill. 'We've got to put our minds to it and we'll pull out all right. I've got an idea.'

" 'What is it?' said Bob, indignant at the tears which he could not quite swallow down.

" 'Do you see this jackknife?' said Bill. 'Don't you remember I got the traveling showman who was in town last week to make it a strong magnet? He put it across the poles of his big horse shoe magnet and told me I could draw iron cinders out of my eye with it, and he said if I got lost in a wood I could hang it up by a string and find the North Pole with it. The crowd around us laughed as if it was a good joke, but the showman said he was serious.'

" Bob's spirits began to chirk up. 'If we knew which end of the knife is north and which end is south, we might row either north or south until we came to the land.'

" 'Yes,' said Bill, thinking hard. 'We would be sure to strike the land. I wish I knew which end was north and which end south; but I don't. It can't make any difference as long as we don't steer east.' Saying this he dove into the cuddy, found a

string, tied it to the middle of the knife and held the knife over the floor, watching it take a direction, but it wouldn't take any set. It kept twisting round and round.

" 'I see what's the trouble,' said Bill to Bob, who had followed him into the cabin. 'We've got to get the twist out of the thread first. The twist is what makes it spin round. Its stronger than the magnetism of the earth.'

" 'What will we do?' inquired Bob, the new hope in him dying out fast.

" 'Oh, we can get rid of most of the twisting, I think,' replied Bill, stopping a moment to look at the pale little face of Bob, and to say, 'Cheer up, Bobbie!' For there was a good deal of the girl in Bill, and his heart went out to the figure that looked kinder pathetic like bending over that ere jackknife. Bill found a bit of twine and untwisted it till he got a fiber, and hung up the jackknife by its middle. It swung slowly into a position on the beam at right angles to the keel.

" 'We are either going out to sea or straight into the land,' said Bill. Hardly had the words left his mouth before the jackknife fell with a thud to the floor; the fiber parted.

" 'We must get a stronger thread,' said Bill, 'and then we shall be all right, Bobbie; hasn't your mother been patching your trousers lately, Bob?' Bob, with a convulsive throb of his heart, said she had. She generally was a patching up Bob's trousers. Bill carefully took out a fine, long, black thread from one of the patches, untwisted it and got a strand that was free from twist. Then he took a wooden box that had no nails in it, one of these boxes that is mortised together, for nails would have attracted the jackknife. He put a stick across the top, looped the end of the strand to it and hung the jackknife in the box. Then he watched it swing for some time, marking the place of the end of the swing made by the point of the blade on one side and then on the other, till he found the turning point which was the north and south line, where the jackknife would come to rest in time.

"Then he turned the boat until the jackknife pointed along the keel, just in line with bow and stern. Then he tied a rope to the tiller and passed it with the cuddy.

"There, Bobbie," said he, 'you steer while I row. Keep the jackknife pointing along the keel. As long as you do that we shan't go to the eastward, and we'll be sure to make land either north or south.' Bob did as he was told, and watched the knife with great interest. He told Bill that it never came to rest, but was swinging from side to side. Bill told him to never mind that so long as he kept the swings about even on each side of the keel.

"Wall, sir, those boys rowed on, taking turns. It grew blacker and blacker, and it was soon so dark that Bill had to light a lantern which he found in the cuddy. He never went sailing in after years without a lantern and a compass, I tell ye; that's where amateur sailors miss it, not looking out for the unexpected. Night came on, and Bill found onct on looking into the cuddy Bobbie fast asleep, with his curly head resting on the compass box. Bill lifted him to one side and covered him with an old coat. That night was a long one to Bill. Somewhere toward its middle, as it seemed, a steamer's whistle sounded straight ahead. Bill peered into the darkness and listened; the sound came nearer and nearer. Then there was no way of telling whether it was in front or behind. Bill stood to his oars and listened with his senses all sharpened. He would have to use them oars pretty quickly when the time came. And that time wasn't far off, for in a minute there was something as if a flash of heat lightning had come to stay. My, didn't that whistle sound ominous. Bill saw an immense shape towering far above him and bearing down on him. He rowed with all his might away from the bow that seemed a moving mountain cutting through the water. A hundred lights moving here and there flashed out of the gloom, there was a war of waves and the danger glided past with the black light. The lookout sang out: 'Small boat on the lee

bow!' and then the fog and the darkness blotted out everything. Bill went into the cuddy as he heard the whistle fading with the distance. Bobbie was still fast asleep. It seemed as if the evil spirit had turned aside as he saw that beautiful boy's face, half covered with curls, resting on a chubby hand. Bill looked at the jackknife; it was pinton' along the keel and the steamship had crossed the line indicated by the jackknife; she was either coming into port or going out to sea.

"Wall, sir, them boys were out all night steering by that jackknife. When the morning came they heard the sound of breakers, and peering through the fog they caught the looming of the shore. They rowed along it until they came to a beach. They had hardly strength to drag themselves up to an old farm house, and found themselves twenty miles from home, on the south side of the bay. The jackknife had guided them safely to land."

As the old captain finished his story he smoothed his gray beard reflectively with one wrinkled hand and felt in his pocket with the other.

"There's the very jackknife," said he to the professor.

"And you are"—said the professor.

"Yes, I'm the boy," replied Captain Wall.

J. T., in Courier Journal.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.



SATAN is fully aware that if he can discourage the Latter-day Saints, and fill them with doubts and fears, he will accomplish great results. He and his servants have always resorted to bluster and threats to accomplish their ends. From the beginning of the work in our day, he has endeavored, through his agencies, to persuade the members of the Church that the destruction of their religion and their organization was inevitable.

He has made the world believe at many times that the overthrow of the Church of

God was on the eve of being accomplished. Many men who have been weak in the faith, or whose transgressions have caused the withdrawal of the Spirit of God from them, have been frightened into apostasy by the threats which Satan has prompted his agents to make against the Saints. They did not have faith to believe that the Church could escape from the dangers which surrounded it, and to save themselves they have denied the faith and dissolved their connection with the Church and joined the enemy.

At the present time every effort is being made by our enemies to cause Latter-day Saints to believe that their opponents are sure to carry the Salt Lake City election this next February. The devil and his followers pretend to be very confident at the present time that their schemes will succeed, and they already gloat over their anticipated triumph. If they can frighten our people into the belief that they are going to capture the city government they will have gained their ends and the victory will be won.

But is it possible that any Latter-day Saint, who has faith in God and in His promises, will accept the statement of their opponents upon this point? Is there anyone in the Church so utterly destitute of living faith as to be disheartened and cease to make any effort to resist the attacks which are made upon them? If there are any such, their faith is of but little value.

A man who becomes so disheartened before a contest as to think that his opponent will be victorious is an already beaten man before the contest takes place. Nothing tends to make an army strong and invincible in battle as confidence in their cause, in themselves and in their officers. Such an army will not believe itself to be beaten, and there are many instances in history where such confidence has saved battles. But no matter how strong and well-equipped and well-trained an army may be that has not confidence in the cause in which it is engaged, and for which it fights, or in its officers or soldiers, it stands but little chance of gaining the victory, for it

goes into the fight discouraged and already whipped.

History is full of examples of the great deeds and wonderful achievements accomplished by a few determined men, unyielding in their courage, full of hope, and of a determination to carry their point. Battles upon land and upon sea have been gained against overwhelming odds by the faith of the victors: for after all, faith is the principle by which such deeds are accomplished.

Every man, who has had any experience in this Church, can recall instances in his own life where, through faith and energy, he has either done something himself that seemed very unlikely, or witnessed something accomplished by others that seemed almost impossible. As I write, several instances occur to myself in my own personal history where ends were accomplished which others thought impossible.

Certainly those who are familiar with the history of the Church know how many illustrations of this can be found written there.

There were twelve spies sent by the command of God through Moses, into Canaan to spy out the land. Ten of them returned discouraged. They brought back terrible tales about the inhabitants of the land, and the difficulties that would have to be met by the Children of Israel in entering there. Two of the spies took a more hopeful view of matters. They were men of faith, and brought back a good report. They encouraged the people. Because of their good report and the faith they displayed in this enterprise God made them great promises. They were the only men of their generation who lived to enter into the land of Canaan. The ten who brought back the evil report never lived to enter the goodly land, and neither did any others of that generation. All except the two, died in the wilderness. But Caleb and Joshua lived to see the Children of Israel enter into the land of promise and to obtain inheritances there.

Slothful, faithless, unbelieving people are ready to say, when certain things which may

appear difficult are proposed, that they cannot be done. Neither can they be done by such as they. To their sight molehills become mountains. Obstacles which, if met and contended with, might be easily overcome, are insurmountable to them. They make no effort to grapple with and conquer difficulties. They do not succeed, because they do not have faith to try. Such feelings, when they take possession of an individual or a people, produce complete paralysis of mind, and one in this condition ceases to be of any value in a struggle such as we as a Church are now engaged in.

When I hear of Latter-day Saints accepting the statements of our enemies as true, when they boast of their ability to wrest the government of this city from us at the ensuing election, it arouses peculiar feelings within me. Especially is this so if I hear that they refuse to make any exertions to prevent this boast from being fulfilled. It is our duty as Latter-day Saints to contend for every inch of ground, to struggle resolutely to maintain every liberty that we enjoy, to never tremble in the face of the enemy, and to strengthen ourselves in the promises of God. We cannot be justified before heaven, we cannot reasonably expect help from the Lord, unless we exert ourselves to the very uttermost. When we have done all in our power, we can leave the result with the Lord. If then our enemies gain what they may consider an advantage over us, He will overrule it for our good, and the result will be all we can desire. But if disaster comes upon us because of our own supineness and indolence and unbelief, whom can we blame but ourselves? How can we look to our Father in heaven and ask Him for the help that we need?

There never was a time when we as a people needed to be more energetic and full of courage and faith than at the present time. We have implacable foes to contend with. They are full of cunning and deceit, and will resort to every means within their power to take from us our liberties. They have no regard for any right that we may claim. If we

were in their power they would humiliate us into the dust, and would trample upon us in the most inhuman manner. Those who expect any other treatment from the class that has waged war upon us, are wretchedly deceived.

We owe it to our God, to the religion which He has given us, to ourselves, and to our posterity that we should be united, that we should use every exertion in our power to defeat our enemies, and not to imagine for a single moment that we will receive anything but the most severe and cruel treatment from them if they succeed in getting power over us. We have proved in years past that the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. They are not to be trusted. Those who remember, or who have read about and been impressed by, the terrible enormities practiced upon us in former days, ought not to entertain a single doubt concerning this. A pack of famished wolves could be no more heartless and cruel than our fellow-men have been in their attacks upon the religion and the rights and liberties of the Latter-day Saints. Every wrong under which we now suffer in this Territory is due to the men who are now struggling for supremacy here. They have exerted themselves to carry the vilest measures against us. It is true they have not banded themselves together as mobs did on former occasions to drive us from our homes and to rob us of our property, but they have done as bad as this in other ways. If mobocracy, such as we have suffered from, could have been successful here, these men would have resorted to it. Circumstances have not favored such a method of dealing with us, but they have endeavored to have the Congress of the United States enact such measures as would produce similar results. They have not always succeeded in their plots and conspiracies, but it has not been for want of disposition on their part; it has been because the Lord in His providence has checked them and defeated their vile schemes.

When Latter-day Saints feel to make no effort to prevent such men obtaining rule in

our midst, they exhibit great folly, and their indifference is an evidence that they have not the proper conception of the situation or of the duties that devolve upon them as citizens whose civil and religious liberties are in peril.

The Editor.

REUNITED.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 447.]

SHE had been sitting in silence for some time when she looked up and said: "And so you have to go tomorrow and see this Mr. Templeton?"

"Yes, mother!" he exclaimed "and he has promised me employment; so cheer up, we shall yet be happy!"

He little knew how prophetic his words would be. He little knew what happiness was in store for him. Although his life had been as it were in a cloud, yet the sunshine was about to burst forth and dispel the gloom.

Mrs. Drayton told him of the stormy interview she had had with John Hardcastle, of his offer of marriage, and his threat to turn them out into the street if the money was not forthcoming. When she had finished, Reginald exclaimed,

"The coward! He knew you were alone or he would not have dared to come."

"Never mind, my boy he can not hurt us by his threats, but where to get the money from I do not know. Four dollars and fifty cents will not pay it."

"What is it we owe him?" he asked.

"Ten dollars!" Mrs. Drayton answered.

"Well mother, we must not be downhearted, I will try what my luck brings me by twelve o'clock tomorrow," and with that the conversation ceased.

That night they retired to rest with thankful hearts and prayed to the Lord to shield them from all harm and that He would lead them out of all troubles.

Next day was quite a contrast to the preceding one. The storm had abated, but

had left its beautiful downy costume of white on almost everything visible. The sun was shining brightly and the birds were singing their songs in the clear, frosty air, which seemed so bracing and which caused nearly everyone to be inspired with renewed life.

Such was the day which met the eyes of Mrs. Drayton and her son. It seemed to her to be a token of a new life. What would be accomplished before night she could not tell. But she seemed nerved with renewed hope, and it was, as it proved, the dawning of a brighter day.

"Reginald," Mrs. Drayton called out, "breakfast will soon be ready and you will be late if you intend seeing Mr. Templeton."

"All right, mother; I will be with you in a moment," he replied.

Mrs. Drayton proceeded to get breakfast as fast as possible, and by the time it was accomplished her son was ready. They sat down and ate their frugal meal, Reginald being in good spirits and experiencing a feeling of expectancy, wondering at the same time what luck he would get during his visit to Mr. Templeton.

"Why, mother, you seem to be in better spirits this morning!"

"Yes, my boy, I somehow seem to think you will be successful today."

"Well, I hope so, for we have been unsuccessful long enough."

"Yes, I think we have had enough of bad luck; and I somehow feel it will be a change for the better."

And with that Reginald started up and exclaimed, "I guess I had better be off."

"Very well, my boy, I will not keep you waiting when you are so anxious to go," and earnestly kissing him he hurried away.

He started off at a rapid pace towards the residence of the merchant. The city was as busy as ever; the hurried din of traffic again met him on all sides. People were hurrying backwards and forwards with great rapidity, and the thoroughfares seemed to be filled with life. He arrived at last at the abode of Mr. Templeton and proceeded to ring the bell. A

servant answered the summons and inquired his business.

"I wish to see Mr. Templeton," Reginald exclaimed. "He told me to call today."

"Come in, please; he has been expecting you," and so saying, she ushered him into the merchant's presence.

"Good morning, my boy!" the merchant exclaimed.

"Good morning, sir."

"You are here to time, I see."

"Yes, sir, I like to fulfill my promises to the best of my ability."

"That's right, my boy, always follow that precept and you will prosper. Have you breakfasted?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

After a while the merchant said: "Well, I think you said you wanted work."

"Yes, sir, I wish to get a situation so that I may be a help to my mother if I can."

"That's right. I like to hear anyone express themselves that way," said the gentleman, "and I think I can find you a place."

"You can, sir?"

"Yes, I will endeavor to supply your wants."

He little knew what sort of a place was being prepared for him. After a while Mr. Templeton said:

"Reginald, my boy, I want you to take me to your mother today. I think I can offer her a good situation, too, if she will take it."

"Oh, sir, how kind you are!"

"It is nothing, I assure you."

"How shall we ever thank you for your goodness?"

"Oh, I do not need any thanks," said the merchant, with a pleasant smile.

And after further conversation, the gentleman took out his watch and exclaimed, "It is now half-past eleven, and as we have chatted long enough I think we will start on our journey, if you are ready."

"Yes, sir, I am ready."

"And as my ward has not shown herself this morning, I expect she is in the hands of her governess, so we will have to dispense

with seeing her until later on. So let us go."

They proceeded along the crowded streets. Here and there knots of men were congregated together indulging in all sorts of conversation, sometimes interspersed with a little vulgarity. They passed persons of all nationalities walking along the busy streets.

They arrived at last at the door of the humble room occupied by Mrs. Drayton, but only to be silent listeners for a few moments to a conversation which was being carried on in the room.

"You will either find the rent by twelve o'clock or else out you go, both of you."

"It is such men as you, Mr. Hardcastle, who strike terror into the hearts of most of your tenants; but I have no fear of your threats, if the worst comes to the worst I shall be ready to meet it."

"Very well, we will see. 'Let those laugh who win,' " he sneered.

The door was hurriedly opened, and in walked Mr. Templeton and Reginald.

"Ethel, my daughter!" cried Mr. Templeton.

"Father!" exclaimed Mrs. Drayton, and she fell into his outstretched arms.

"Can you forgive me for being so hard with you? Can you forgive your poor father for all the sorrow he has caused?"

And nestling closer to him, thinking only of her present happiness, she said, "Father, I can."

Reginald and John Hardcastle were silent spectators of the scene, the former considerably surprised and wondering what it all meant, and the latter wishing the ground would open and swallow him up.

Presently, turning to Mr. Hardcastle who was making for the door, the merchant said:

"Not so fast, Mr. Hardcastle. I want a word or two with you before you depart. You spoke right when you said, 'Let them laugh who win.' You have proved yourself unworthy the name of man, and unfit to be in respectable society. Here is what will pay you for the rent of your miserable hovel, and handsomely, too," throwing him a roll of notes

as he spoke. "And let me tell you this: for the future lead a better life, and never speak harshly to an unprotected woman. For you don't know how soon the tables may be turned against you."

John Hardcastle left the room considerably crestfallen. Let us hope this will prove a lesson to him in his future life.

"Ethel, my darling, let us go home," Mr. Templeton said after all explanations had been made, "and let me see that bright smile on your face as you had of yore and let by-gones be by-gones, will you?"

And she, looking up with tears in her eyes, answered: "Yes, father. I will try."

Nor was Reginald forgotten in this trying scene; his newly-discovered grandfather praised him for his honesty and integrity of purpose, and embraced him as if he was his own child.

Thus was the ending of this little drama. Let us hope that she will be a happy mother and daughter in her old home. May she prove good and true in all her future dealings as she has in the past.

Mr. Templeton regained his old spirits and

was happy in his endeavor to right the wrong he had done. He was always pleased to further the interests of his daughter. And Reginald was treated as if he were his only son.

Reginald was sent to college to finish his education. After his course had been completed there, he was taken into partnership under the title of Templeton, Drayton & Co.

One more word need only be told. In after years when he had grown to the state of manhood, there was a quiet wedding at a little church near Mr. Templeton's country residence. It is needless to say who were the principal parties in the proceedings. They were, however, Mr. Reginald Drayton and Miss Mabel Carew. Thus the flame that was kindled on that bright, frosty day in New York had ripened into love. And now we leave them. May they live good and pure lives, striving to be happy in each other's society. Hoping that the needy may ever receive a helping hand from these two loving souls. And if they continue to do good they will be blest and will find that they will be REWARDED AT LAST.

Watkin Lewis Roe.

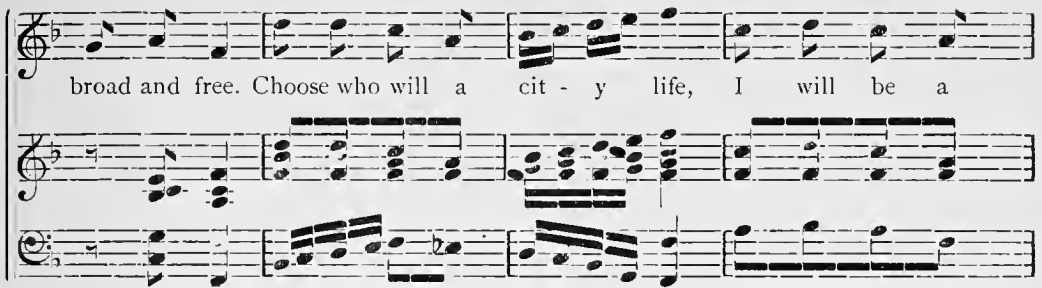
I'LL BE A FARMER'S WIFE.

Words by LULA.

Music by L. D. EDWARDS.

When I am a woman grown,

Where I'll live is now unknown; But I'm certain it will be In the country

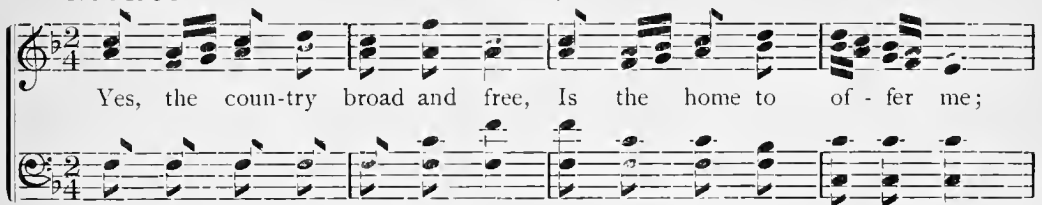


broad and free. Choose who will a cit - y life, I will be a



farmer's wife; Making cheese and but - ter sweet, Fit for prince or king to eat.

CHORUS.



Yes, the coun-try broad and free, Is the home to of - fer me;



Choose who will a cit - y life, I will be a farm - er's wife.

Where the crystal brooklets sing,
'Neath the grove's soft shadowing,
And the breeze floats fresh and cool,
I will teach the village school.
All the girls about will come,
Some with laughter, studious some;
Some too slow—and some too quick—
For *me*, in arithmetic.

I will teach them how to spell,
Read and write, and work as well;
And I'll teach them, large and small,
To be good and happy, all.

When the days grow short and cold,
And the winds are fierce and bold,
Then will my kind husband share,
In the school room's work and care.

Oh! indeed, it will be nice,
Skipping o'er the snow and ice,
With a strong and loving arm,
Shielding me from cold and harm.
Who he'll be I cannot tell,
But this much I know full well,
He'll be gen'rous, wise and pure,
And—he'll be a farmer, sure!

TURKISH RULES OF CONVERSATION.

I SAY something, and you say something else, and we will agree to call it a conversation." Such, as a witty writer suggests, is about the style of English and American conversation. Two Americans, or two Englishmen engaged in conversation, do not seem to talk to one another, but to an imaginary third person, to which each recounts a tale of his own. The Turks might teach us the art of conversation. For in Turkey there are certain forms which must be observed by those who converse together. If one is guilty of any violation of these, he is considered impolite. The following forms the Turkish code of conversation :

1. Never to interrupt the speaker while he is talking. However long-winded or uninteresting his conversation may be to you, politeness requires that you should wait for his conclusion. You are not under any obligation to enter into conversation with him at all ; but if you do, it is an understood condition of your conversational treaty that you should let him have his say.

2. Never to diverge, in the middle of a conversation, from the main thread of a discourse into a collateral issue. The breach of this rule is considered, by a Turk, as an unpardonable rudeness. To drive a red herring, as it were, across the scent of conversation, is, in his opinion, to confound all thought, and render all profitable consecutive conversation impossible.

3. To allow a short but sufficient pause between the conclusion of a discussion on one subject, and the entering on a new subject.

4. Never to tell a person a thing he knows already.

5. Not to excuse oneself when convicted of being in the wrong. How very seldom you hear in Europe, "Yes, I was in the wrong, I am sorry for it." But in Turkey it is considered a violation of principle and a breach of politeness to refuse to be convicted of error. The cause of this difference lies

deep in the character of the two races ; in the absence, on the part of the Turk, of petty vanity and distracting self-esteem. The proudest race in the world, they are entirely free from vanity.

6. When you have nothing to say to hold your tongue. They never talk for the sake of talking. Empty, idle jabbering is a Frank, but not an Ottoman, practice. In Europe it is considered necessary to "say something," whether that something is worth saying or not. Not so in Turkey ; to say something when you have nothing to say worth saying is considered there a degradation to yourself and a rudeness to your neighbor. Y.

CALLED AND CHOSEN.

WE DID not hear the messenger who came,
So softly, silently he came and went ;
But we are sure he called our dear one's name,
And gave the loving message Father sent.
So dull our mortal hearing, dim our eyes,
We may not mark the course the angels run ;
Yet by our spirit-sense, we realize,
God's summons to this called and chosen one.

Pure as an infant, innocent and fair,
Though grown to manhood, still in joyous youth,
In spirit homes, at times 'mong pris'ners there,
Teaching the principles of life and truth,
How grand his mission in that world will be,
Which in this life he scarcely had begun ;
Preparing captives thence to be set free,
A savior blest ; our called and chosen one.

Grieve not too deeply, friends so true and fond ;
Nor question God's great wisdom, or His love ;
Lay by this noble form, and look beyond,
Where waiting kindred welcome him above :
Where, by our spirit sense, we realize,
The presence of the Father and the Son,
Approaches near, and warms and glorifies,
Our loved one gone, God's called and chosen one.

On the death of John W. Greene Homer, who was accidentally shot at Marion, Idaho, September, 1888.

L. Greene Richards.

Who makes quick use of the moment, is a genius of prudence.

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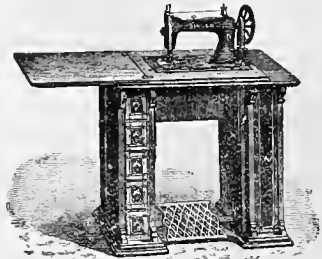
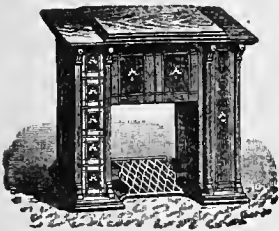
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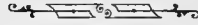
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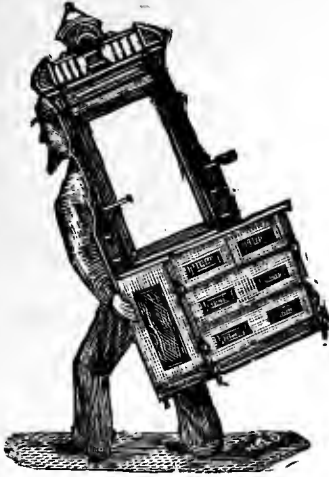
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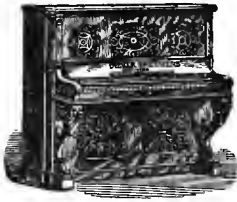
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